

## BEDFORD ELKS TO PLAY SANG WITH IRA D. SHANKLY

Third Game Between the Stone City Lodge and Greencastle Lodge Will be at the McKee Field on Next Friday Afternoon—A Social Meeting at Night.

## EACH TEAM HAS WON A GAME IN BED, HE SANG WITH THEM

The third game of baseball between the Bedford and the Greencastle Elks' teams will be played here on the McKee field next Friday afternoon. The teams already have played two games. The first was played here and Greencastle won. The second was played at Bedford and the Bedford team won.

The third game will decide the tie. Quite a number of the Bedford Elks will accompany the team here and will be entertained with a social session on Friday night at the local club rooms.

## UNION MEETINGS

At a meeting of the Ministerial Association held on Thursday the following scheme was arranged for the union meetings during the month of August.

Court House—  
August 16 . . . Dr. J. S. Hoagland.  
August 23 . . . Rev. D. R. Landes.  
August 30 . . . Dr. David Van Dyke.  
Locust Street Church—  
August 16 . . . The Rev. D. R. Landes.  
August 23 . . . The Rev. J. M. Rudy.  
August 30 . . . Dr. J. S. Hoagland.  
A cordial invitation is extended to the public to attend these meetings.

## Have You Corns?

Most people have. If you are troubled with Corns—hard or soft—drop in and buy a bottle of of Corn Remedy. It will surely give you relief.

Price 10c

**Jones, Stevens Go**  
Successors to Jones' Drug Store.

## Your Deposits in Central National Bank Are Guaranteed

1st by its capital of \$100,000.00.  
2nd by its surplus of \$100,000.00.  
3d by its stockholders' liability of \$100,000.00.  
4th by seven directors who meet once each month and examine its notes, books and accounts and so carefully have they performed their duty that but few dollars have been lost to the bank. We at all times carry a large cash balance in our steel lined vault which is an additional guarantee to our depositors that they can have their money on demand.

R. L. O'HAIR, Pres J. L. RANDEL, Cash.

## COAL

All Kinds Lowest Prices Best Quality  
Quick Delivery  
**G. W. BLACK**  
PHONE 15c Coal Office, 701 North Jackson St.

## MONEY TO LOAN

On personal property, leaving the same in your possession.

We will be at our office in the Allen Bldg., over American Express Co's office, on Thursday of each week.

**BRAZIL LOAN COMPANY**

John P. Hillis and Harry Maxwell, the Local Evangelical Singers, Spend Thanksgiving Day With the Noted Singer, Who Died Yesterday.

The dispatches this morning telling of the death of Ira D. Sankey, the noted singing evangelist, at his home in Brooklyn, brings out an interesting story of local interest.

Mr. Sankey had been confined to his bed for five years, previous to his death, and was totally blind. A year ago last Thanksgiving day, John Hillis and Harry Maxwell, the local evangelists, were in New York and took occasion to go to the home of the noted singer and spend the afternoon with him.

During the afternoon the visitors spoke of the great ability of the host as a writer of sacred songs and Mr. Maxwell began to sing. "There will be no Dark Days When Jesus Comes", which was written by Mr. Sankey. Mr. Hillis joined in and then Mr. Sankey, much to the surprise of his guests, joined them in a clear basso voice. The three men, Sankey in his bed and his two visitors sitting by his side sang the song. Mr. Maxwell and Mr. Hillis, of course, were greatly surprised at Mr. Sankey's voice, which, although he had been confined to his bed for 3 years still retained its sweetness and volume.

## UNIQUE SLUMBER PARTY

One of the most enjoyable social events of the summer was the slumber party given last night, by Mrs. Fred Goodwine for her sister, Miss Willie Hightower, of Louisiana. The guests were, Mrs. Bascom O'Hair, Mrs. Fred Gordon, of Indianapolis, Miss Helen Black, Mrs. Brown, Miss Hazel Bridges, Mrs. Jerome King, Miss Pearl O'Hair, Mrs. S. A. Sayers and Miss Flora Mathias.

The guests assembled at 8 p. m. and high carnival was held until 2 a. m. One of the pleasant features

of the occasion was a visit to the Red Cross at ten o'clock, where ice cream, ices and phosphates were served. All sorts of games and guessing contests were had and music and conundrums filled in the vacant places. At 8:30 this morning a delicious breakfast was served, consisting of several courses. Cantelopes, fried chicken and hot biscuits made a-la Southern by the charming little hostess, were a part of the menu. The place cards were original; being picture rebuses. The dining room was adorned with golden glow and black-eyed Susans, and blue-eyed girls, who are not "Susans."

The guests left today in time to get dinner at home, hoping to get a "little" more sleep and a "little" more slumber tonight.

## IS OVERRUN WITH ORDERS

A & C Stone Company Has Been Compelled to Increase its Force and Next Week Will Put Out 25 Car Loads of Crushed Stone a Day—Fifteen Extra Laborers Put to Work.

## BUSINESS IS MOST TOO GOOD

"Business!", said E. B. Taylor, manager of the A & C Stone Company this morning, "we have so much of it that we are completely buried under. I'm not soliciting orders at all now, now, I'm simply trying to keep them from coming in."

That business is good is proven by the fact that the company has been shipping 22 car loads of crushed stone a day for several weeks. This is not enough, however, and next week 25 car loads will be shipped each day. To do this fifteen additional laborers were put to work this morning.

Road work is in full blast everywhere, just now, and the demand for crushed stone is great. The local company are receiving orders each day. They now have orders for hundreds of car loads booked and will have to keep running to capacity to get them filled.

## SKULL CRUSHED BY STONE

Italian Laborer Badly Injured at the A & C Stone Company's Quarries Yesterday Afternoon—Loose Rock Fell From a Ledge Under Which he was Working.

## HE SUFFERS A SLIGHT FRACTURE

An Italian laborer was badly injured at the A & C Stone Co., quarries, yesterday afternoon, when a stone fell from the ledge under which he was working and struck him on the head.

The scap was badly cut in several places and he suffered a slight fracture of the skull. Dr. Sudranski was called and dressed the wounds. The Italian was taken to an Indianapolis hospital on a late afternoon train.

## POLICE COURT NOTES

An Austrian with a name of such magnitude that the officials made no attempt to place it on record, was arrested last night and confined in the jail. This morning he was ordered to scrub up the place and was then released under promise to leave the town. Later he was discovered by Marshall Reeves while in the act of surrounding a large collection of booze, and by special request of the marshal at once returned to jail. He will face the mayor later.

Henry Blake last night went to the home of Sanford Nichols, where he grew merry and demolished much of the furniture. A police call brought the officers, but Henry had decamped leaving no trace. This morning he was arrested in his rooms by Marshal Reeves and taken before the mayor. His trial was set for Monday morning at 8 o'clock. He gave bail for his appearance.

## FINED FOR SELLING HOMO

Man Arrested at Stilesville Picnic is Found Guilty at Danville Though Justice Think Law Bad.

## WILLIAM PEYTON GETS HIS

In the case of the state against William Peyton of Indianapolis, arrested at the Stilesville picnic last week for selling a preparation called "Homo" bottled by the Indianapolis Home Brewing company of Indianapolis, Justice A. H. Kennedy yesterday held Peyton guilty of violation of the "blind tiger" law and bound him over to the circuit court in the sum of \$100. Bond was furnished by the Indianapolis Home Brewing company. In rendering his decision, Justice Kennedy said:

"Homo" appears to be one of the so-called "dry" beer preparations, and contains less than one per cent of alcohol. I do not believe it is intoxicating, yet it contains malt and comes under the head of liquors, the sale of which is prohibited without a license. I believe it is a fool statute but I can not evade it. The defendant will be held to answer."

## FIVE MORE CASES GO UP

Circuit Court Gets Several State Cases From the Mayor's Court.

## THEY REFUSE TO PAY FINES

Five cases appealed from the mayor's court, were today filed in the circuit court. They are all cases in which the defendants refused to abide by the decision of his honor, the mayor. The cases were those of Emory Moore, accused of illegally selling two pints of whiskey on Sunday. Geo. Shockely and Sanford Spurgin, accused of gambling, and last Geo. H. Gardner, accused of maintaining a partition in his saloon contrary to law.

## CATCHING GOOD STRINGS

CAMP "BILLY" THOMPSON. . . . WORTHINGTON, IND., Editor of the Herald:—Camp Thompson has at last assumed its normal shape and the Putnam county campers are now giving their time to the "Pinny Tribe". We made our first good catch today. Beside several good sized ones we landed an eight pounder, which is a beauty. It took Billy Thompson, Bell and myself to land it. If the weather continues good we will bring a lot of fish home with us. Every one is well and we are having a fine time. Yours very Truly, H. C. RUDISILL.

## A TIGER'S JOKE.

Whether or not wild animals have a well-developed sense of humor seems to be a mooted question among naturalists. Certainly some animals enjoy a joke, as, for example, the great Bengal tiger, at the Cincinnati Zoo, named Pasha.

Pasha is one of the handsomest tigers in captivity, and is much admired every day by the visitors to the Zoo. He has grown so accustomed to this attention that he does not pay any more attention to it; but every now and then he shows that he is not beyond joking with his keeper. Pasha's cage is divided in two parts, and one day recently while the keeper was scraping some remnants of Pasha's last meal out of one half the cage, the tiger reared out and caught the scraper with one paw. The keeper, thereupon, pulled the dividing door shut, thinking to make Pasha leave him alone. But Pasha pulled it open, promptly, and playfully struck at the scraper.

This was kept up for five minutes, much to the amusement of the on-lookers, but when the keeper finally got the door shut and bolted Pasha leaped high in his cage again and again, his mouth wide open but making no sound. He seemed to be laughing with joy at the joke he had had at the human's expense.

Since then he has repeated the performance several times, much to his own entertainment if not to the keeper's.

## THEY HAD A BIG TIME

Thousand of People at the Camp Fire Last Night at Brazil—in Honor of the Old Soldiers.

## THE NEXT REUNION IN BRAZIL

The climax of the bean dinner and reunion given by the 115 Indiana and Persimmon Brigade association was reached last night when a camp fire was held in the court house grove.

The grove was simply packed with people who enjoyed the speeches and listened to the splendid music furnished by the Brazil concert band. The veterans thoroughly enjoyed the day and expressed their appreciation of the cordial treatment they received. It was a happy event which was enjoyed by the young as well as the old and the date for the next reunion will not be forgotten by the immense crowd that participated in the festivities here yesterday.

Officers were selected as follows: Wesley B. Shaw of this city was elected president of the association to succeed Thomas Robinson of Terre Haute, and W. P. Foulke of Knightstown was re-elected secretary.

The association decided to hold its next reunion in this city, on the second Thursday of August, next year, and also adopted the following resolution:

Resolved: That the members of the 115th Indiana Infantry and our comrades of other regiments, thank the citizens of Brazil for the tasteful and profuse decorations; the eloquent address of welcome by Mayor Shattuck, the substantial dinner and all the kind attention shown us at this reunion. The day in Brazil will always be a bright day in our memory.—Brazil Times.

## SURGEON NEVER SAW RABIES

Dr. Joseph Hurd of Philadelphia Says Hydrophobia is Merely a Delusion—Dread of the "Disease" Throws the Patient into a State of Nervous Excitement.

## THE FEAR CAUSES HYSTERIA

WASHINGTON, Aug. 14.—Dr. Gilbert Hurd, the eminent Philadelphia surgeon in a letter to the Washington Post says:

It is remarkable that erroneous impressions often take possession of the mind creating an unnatural and undesirable mental or physical condition.

During the thirteenth century one of the greatest deceptions the world has ever known made its appearance in Europe. People would suddenly lose control of their senses and begin to dance and scream, and this would continue with unabated fury until the patient fell completely exhausted and death frequently resulted. The bite of a spider, named the tarantula, was thought to have been the cause of this simulated disease. Music was recommended as a good remedy and one writer says: "Fiddlers followed in the fields and played music when the harvesters were

bitten." Gradually the scare diminished, and finally entirely disappeared, and now anyone can be bitten by this insect and not become tarantistic.

No Rabies Where There is no Fear. I call attention to this delusion to emphasize the fact that hydrophobia scares are similar in character, and if there is no fear of the disease, rabies will not appear in any human being. Desiring to inform myself in regard to the experience of those who are continually coming in contact with dogs and are frequently bitten, I have written to the officials of many of the large cities of the United States who catch dogs to give information. I could fill a page of the Post with the information I have obtained, and no person employed as a keeper of kennel, or as a breeder of dogs, or as a dog catcher, as far as I have been able to learn, has ever had bad results from the bite of a dog.

Dark Boreau Pamphlet. The bureau of animal industry has printed a circular entitled "Rabies and its increasing Prevalence." Its purpose seems to be to create fear and terror in the mind of any one who reads it and then to advertise the Pasteur treatment as a cure for rabies. It is a reasonable to suppose that a public document, intended to give valuable information to the people, on a subject as serious as they claim hydrophobia to be, would at least say that canterization is helpful as a first aid and that carbolic acid is often used beneficially for a dog bite.

The dog has always been a true and faithful friend and assistant of man. With an unerring instinct, he hauls heavy loads over the mountains through the terrible storms of Alaska. Every pioneer has praised his courage and wondered at his sagacity, and here in Washington he guards our homes and lives. Be fair and give the dog a chance.

## ONCLEY-HUNSCHE

Cannelton, Ind., August 12.—The marriage of Miss Arena Hunsche of this city to Prof. Lawrence Oncley of the Evansville high school, was celebrated yesterday evening at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Henry Hunsche. The bride is a local high school graduate, also a graduate from the Evansville Nurse's Training School. The bridegroom is particularly well-known in athletic circles all over the state, he having played tackle on the DePauw foot ball team for several seasons. He graduated from DePauw class of '07.

Monon Route Excursions. To Yellow Stone National Park, after July 15th, summer rates, round trip \$46.85.

Summer and all year tourist tickets on sale daily to Pacific coast and various health and summer resorts.

J. A. Michael, Agt.

## GOAL WILL GO UP

NEXT MONTH

Now is the Time to Buy

Prices are lower. Deliveries are prompter. Lay in your winter's supply now, when it will be easier to get it put away. Don't wait until the late summer rush—BUY NOW.

We have a lot of Anthracite ready for delivery. Also a lot of Pocahontas and Brazil Black.

**F. B. HILLIS COAL CO.**

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OSCAR WILLIAMS, Mgr. Phone 187

## MARSHALL TO SPEAK HERE

CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR WILL BE IN GREENCASTLE ON THE AFTERNOON OF SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, TO MAKE A SPEECH—MAY SPEAK AGAIN AT NIGHT IN OUT DISTRICT.

## CENTRAL COMMITTEE MEETS

Peter Foley, District Chairman, and Ralph Moss, Candidate For Congress, Are Here to Talk Matters Over With the Politicians Leaders—Special Cars For the Big Indianapolis Meeting.

Thomas Marshall, candidate for Governor, will address the people of Putnam county, in Greencastle, on the afternoon of Saturday, September 12. This was arranged at a meeting of the Democratic central committee today, at which District Chairman Peter Foley, of Terre Haute, and Ralph Moss, candidate for Congress, were present.

The meeting was held in the grand jury room of the court house and was largely attended. It was arranged that Mr. Marshall shall open the campaign here, Saturday afternoon, and it is possible that a speech at some out township will be arranged for that evening.

Both Mr. Foley and Mr. Moss, made brief speeches to the members of the central committee and the candidates were present this afternoon.

It was arranged to charter special interurban cars to carry the Putnam county to Indianapolis on Tuesday, August 5, to attend the meeting, at which John Kern will be notified of his nomination for the vice-presidency. William J. Bryan will be there on that day and at least three car loads of Putnam county people will go to the city to attend the meeting.

Monon Route Excursions. To Yellow Stone National Park, after July 15th, summer rates, round trip \$46.85.

Summer and all year tourist tickets on sale daily to Pacific coast and various health and summer resorts.

J. A. Michael, Agt.

## SOAP! SOAP! SOAP!

We have a limited amount of soap that we will sell, while it lasts, at greatly reduced prices.

Pure Castile in cakes of about ½ pound each at 5c a cake or two cakes for 9c.

Cold Cream and Glycerine Toilet Soap--a splendid toilet article--3 cakes in a box, at 15 cents a box, or two boxes for 25c.

Here is an opportunity for you.

**The OWL DRUG STORE**



## THE HERALD

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WEEKLY STAR-DEMOCRAT  
Established ..... 1855  
The official county paper, sent to any  
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a year—Payable strictly in advance.  
Entered as second class mail matter  
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FOR PRESIDENT,  
William J. Bryan of Nebraska.  
FOR VICE PRESIDENT, ..  
John W. Kern of Indiana.

## DEMOCRATIC STATE TICKET

GOVERNOR,  
Thomas R. Marshall, Columbia City  
LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR,  
Frank J. Hall, Rushville.  
JUDGE OF SUPREME COURT,  
B. Laury, Logansport.  
ATTORNEY GENERAL,  
Walter J. Lotz, Muncie.  
SECRETARY OF STATE,  
James F. Cox, Columbus.  
AUDITOR OF STATE,  
Marion Bailey, Lizton.  
TREASURER OF STATE,  
John Isenbarger, N. Manchester.  
APPELLATE JUDGE,  
E. W. Felt, Greenfield.  
REPORTER SUPREME COURT,  
Eurt New, North Vernon.  
STATE STATISTICIAN,  
P. J. Kelleher, Indianapolis.  
STATE SUPERINTENDENT,  
Robert J. Aley, Bloomington.

## PUTNAM COUNTY TICKET

REPRESENTATIVE,  
D. B. Hostetter,  
TREASURER,  
Jasper Miller  
SHERIFF,  
Frank Stroube.  
COMMISSIONER, THIRD DIST.,  
Ed Houck.  
CORONER,  
R. J. Gillespie,  
SURVEYOR,  
Lee Lane.  
COMMISSIONER, 2nd DIST.,  
George E. Rains.

## JOINT DISTRICT TICKET

FOR CONGRESS  
Ralph Moss  
FOR PROSECUTOR  
James P. Hughes.  
FOR JOINT SENATOR  
F. C. Tilden.

The Star and Democrat has been authorized by State Committee to receive contributions for the campaign. All money received will be forwarded to the Democratic State Committee, to be used in securing and distributing political literature, paying the expenses of speakers and paying organization. Contributions of \$1.00 and upward may be left at this office. We urge prompt and liberal action. The names of contributors, and the amount given will be forwarded to the State Committee, which will mail a receipt to each person signed by the chairman. d w tf

## AS TO OUR PANIC

It was, we believe, the Martinsville Reporter that enriched its columns with this observation: "The difference between a Republican panic and a Democratic panic is this, that in a Republican panic corn sells at fifty-six cents and in the Democratic panic it sold for twenty." The Reporter mentioned several other things, but the price of corn will serve as a text for what we have to say. Leaving out of the question the well authenticated fact, now acknowledged by all but a few partisans, that all the panics from '73 to '97 have been Republican panics, we will speak to the price of corn. We have always held there was no cause for the last panic. Only the most extraordinary mismanagement of governmental affairs by the party in power, only the most shameless mismanagement of the people's money by the mad financiers could produce a panic under the conditions. Our population has so increased that we are on the point of consuming all we raise. A short crop in Russia, a less than average output from Argentina had kept the European markets open to American products at the highest prices. We

## DEMOCRATIC NEWS

What Good Democrats Over the State Are Saying About Things Political in Indiana And Else where.

## THE STATE CAMPAIGN.

Mr. Marshall will begin his active canvas of the state at Salem on the 22nd of this month. Since his nomination he has spoken in many parts of the state, but his formal campaign is yet to be entered upon. From the moment that he was chosen as his party's candidate for governor, Mr. Marshall has steadily grown in the estimation of the people. His strength was admitted at the beginning of his opponents, and time has only served to increase it. His speeches have been clean in every respect. His high character and splendid attainments, his honesty and abhorrence of sham and pretense, have given him the confidence of all the people and will bring to him the support at the polls of a large majority of his fellow citizens.

His associates on the state ticket are recognized as worthy and fit men who fulfill the Jeffersonian requirements of honesty and competency. The Democratic ticket is not only excellent throughout in its personnel, but it is pledged to such a careful management of state affairs and to an economy in expenditures which have been absent from the state house for twelve years.

All signs point to the triumphant election of the Democratic ticket state and electoral. The tide is running that way and the right of the situation reinforces the tide. And every Democrat should make up his mind that there shall be no slip

through any act or failure to act on his part.

## REPUBLICANS ACKNOWLEDGED IT.

Former Congressman Littlefield of Maine addressed a gathering of lawyers at Chicago recently. In the course of his remarks he said: "Senator Lodge in the Republican national convention, said that President Roosevelt had enforced the laws as he found them on the statute book. The Republican party platform congratulates itself on the enforcement of all the laws. In the light of cases I have cited to you it would seem that a proclamation to expend, not performance, constitutes enforcement of the law. The distinguished publicists, like business men, are very much disturbed for fear they are facing a prison cell for doing business under modern methods. I do not think that this apprehension has any reasonable foundation."

The speaker pointed out that but 7 convictions had been secured under the Sherman law since September 14, 1901, and continued: "It may be that the predatory rich are lurking in every corner, and that malefactors of great wealth abound. If this be true and they have been going about seeking whom they may devour, the extent to which the wicked have thus far gone unwhipped of justice borders upon the grotesque."

## FEEDING A BIG SNAKE UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

It is natural for a python or boa constrictor to go without food for several weeks after it has had a meal, but Satan, the python at the Cincinnati Zoo, recently tried to starve himself to death. He was shedding his skin at the time and may have had something to do with it. At any rate, he positively refused all the usual python dainties, such as chicken and guinea pig, and grew so thin that General Manager Stephan resorted to drastic methods to make him eat.

A piece of gas pipe three feet long and three-quarters of an inch in diameter was secured, smoothed off at one end, greased and then forced down Satan's throat. Gas pipe was used because rubber hose would have been squeezed shut by the big snake in the effort to expel it.

After the pipe was safely in place a gallon of milk, into which several dozen eggs had been broken, was poured down the pipe by means of a funnel—and Satan was fed.

While he did not seem to care for the method employed and the big snake thrived on the meal, and a few weeks later, ate his accustomed portion of poultry.

This is the first time such a plan for feeding a python has been tried.

## Why James Lee Got Well.

Everybody in Zanesville, O., knows Mrs. Mary Lee, of rural route 8. She writes: "My husband, James Lee, firmly believes he owes his life to the use of Dr. King's New Discovery. His lungs were so severely affected that consumption seemed inevitable, when a friend recommended New Discovery. We tried it, and its use has restored him to perfect health."

Dr. King's New Discovery is the King of throat and lung remedies. For coughs and colds it has no equal. The first dose gives relief. Try it! Sold under guarantee at The Owl Drug Store, 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

## He Raises Only White Poultry.

D. D. Slade, proprietor of the Blue Grass White Wyandotte Poultry Farm, says:

"I have had no sickness among my poultry since I began using your Blue Grass Fowl Remedy. I shall continue to use it and hope my fowls will be kept from disease in the future."

## Excellent Health Advice.

Mrs. M. M. Davidson, of No. 379 Gifford Ave., San Jose, Cal., says: "The worth of Electric Bitters as a general family remedy, for headache, biliousness and torpor of the liver and bowels is so pronounced that I am prompted to say a word in its favor, for the benefit of those seeking relief from such afflictions. There is more health for the digestive organs in a bottle of Electric Bitters than in any other remedy I know of." Sold under guarantee at The Owl Drug Store. 50c.

The "line of liberty" is a term used by artists for an ideal line frequently represented in the form of a very slender, elongated letter S.

## Lugi's Lady In White.

By LULU JOHNSON.

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Lugi, it is true, was an organ grinder, but he understood that the fraternity of street musicians, as well as his lower and middle classes, has its aristocracy.

Lugi was not one of those swartzy sons of Italy who laboriously drag a street piano over the hot asphalt of the city's byways. Much less did he belong to the lesser lights who, with a wheezy melodeon, huddle in corners and mechanically grind out "In the Sweet By and By" or the "Miserere" from "Il Trovatore." The first Lugi scorned, the latter he despised, for was he not the proprietor of a horse outfit?

Every morning except Sunday he drove into the suburbs, his wagon gay with red and gold, on which was swung one of the largest and best of the mechanical pianos. There was a lad to turn the wheel, and all Lugi had to do was to lead the white mule and collect coins which showered upon the outfit. For Lugi's white teeth flashed beneath a mustache as black and flowing as any that ever graced the lips of his brigand ancestors, and Lugi's smile made him many friends, even among the householders.

As for the servants, many a rural policeman glowered upon him and envied his conquests, for Lugi, in his smart Neapolitan costume, was good to look upon. His red sash with its gilded stiletto, his ruffled shirt and rakish hat were all in keeping with the swartzy complexion and flashing eyes.

To be sure, the stiletto was but a toy, a hint and scabbard without a blade, in deference to the absurd prejudice of the police, who knew nothing of a more businesslike weapon sheathed in the collar of Lugi's velvet coat, and his clothing had been obtained from a theatrical costumer, but he cut a most romantic and picturesque figure.

Sundays, when the law forbade his plying his trade, Lugi sought the Italian quarter in eminently correct American dress. His top hat and yellow gloves were the astonishment of the half naked "hemiondos" playing on the dirty sidewalks.

Their mothers turned mute in his august presence as he pined his way fastidiously toward the tenement owned by Gaetano Canera. Presently he would emerge, proudly exclaiming Paulina of the house of Canera, than whom there was no prettier girl in all Little Italy.

For more than a year Lugi had wooed Paulina, but her father had insisted that his son-in-law should be a property owner. A year must elapse, figured the thrifty Canera, ere Lugi might hope to wed.

And on his part Lugi did not tell them of the good luck that had befallen him in the winter before, when a servant in one of the great houses offered him tips on the stock market that she had wheedled from the butler.

Great coups had been planned over the dinner served by this particular butler, as the rich forget that their servants are human beings, and much valuable information had been dropped. Lugi profited by the tips, but he had not told the Caneras. It was pleasant to spend the Sunday afternoons with Paulina, but, then, too, there was the Lady In White, and because of her Lugi was silent.

He told no one of the dreams that burned in his busy brain. None guessed the high hopes that he nursed. But since early spring he had hurried the piano cart along his route until he had come to the great house on the hill. Sometimes he found only the gardener spraying the lawn or clipping the plants; then Lugi led away the mule, silent and morose. Oftener there were golden days with a flash of white through the trees, and she came—his Lady In White.

Tall and fair she was, with eyes more sweetly blue than the summer skies of his beloved Italy and hair that shone like burnished gold. She leaned across the hedge and questioned him as to his life, and Lugi told her all—and more, for to hold her interest he drew upon a vivid imagination for a vendetta and an earlier career as a brigand.

He loved to see her eyes grow round with wonder at his adventures, and, like a modern Othello, he wooed her with his tales. As the summer progressed he saw her more and more often, and sometimes there was a whole hour during which little Pietro could rest his weary arms and the wheel of the piano moved not.

Of course it would not do to let Paulina know of the Lady In White, for Canera had declared that when Lugi had made enough money they would go into business together. Italian fathers had their own ideas of honor too. Once married to Paulina, his piano sold, Lugi would no longer see the obliging serving maid, she of the wheel of the piano moved not.

But if he could swell his fortune to such respectable proportions that he would be no mean match even for the Lady In White, what might not happen? They would go to Italy, where with a few hundred lire he could purchase a patent of nobility and live happy ever after.

So he spent his Sundays discreetly with Paulina and bewailed the hard luck that made the dollars so scarce. Never did he tell her of the Lady In

White nor of the maid to whom he had to make eloquent love in order that he might coax from her the tips that were to win the wife of his dreams.

Summer was well advanced when Lugi's devotion to the girl bore fruit. At a dinner party a raid was planned on certain stocks, and as usual the move was discussed with perfect freedom before the butler. Lugi got the news, and a few days later his fortune had doubled itself.

Delirious with joy, Lugi led the mule over the accustomed route, but to his dismay the Lady In White did not come flitting through the trees to his ten to the tales of adventure when he had gleaned from an old Italian romance after the work of the day was done. Though Pietro played the cylinder through twice, she did not heed the call, and at last Lugi went on his way, a great new idea surging through his active brain.

The day was Saturday. On the morning he would dress himself in his best and make a call upon the object of his affections. It was a daring plan but she was worth the venture, so soon found Lugi in the waiting room of the railroad station, shaven and perfumed and in his frock coat and glossy hat looking very unlike the Lugi of the brigand dress.

So it happened that the Lady In White passed him without recognition though she looked straight into his face with the incursions, impersonal glance of her caste. Lugi half started up in his seat to speak, then thought better of it and, sunk back until she had passed. Then he rose and followed her and her escort to the con course.

They were standing by one of the pillars which supported the huge roof and Lugi managed to conceal himself behind the other side of the pillar without appearing to do so.

From their talk it was evident that the man was the brother of one of her friends and that they had all been on an automobile trip the day before.

Now he was escorting her to her home.

"It was a delightful trip," the girl declared "quite pleasant enough to repay me for missing my Italian."

"Your Italian?" repeated the man in puzzled tones.

"Didn't Grace tell you?" the girl carelessly responded. "He is an organ grinder but very different from the rest of these sort of people. He dresses like a brigand. He comes at me every day and it is such fun to hear him talk. I fancy he must have lived a thousand years to have performed all the deeds of valor he recounts. It is perfectly fascinating to listen to him."

"It is like a book talking to you, but no book was ever as picturesque as he is in what I suppose you might call his stage clothes, since they are a part of the show. I suppose at home he is as dirty as the rest and has a wife and a host of children, but he has been such a blessing this summer. I mean to put him in my new book. I really feel ashamed when I realize that I cannot offer him money. He won't accept it, so I have to pay him in smiles."

"Worth a thousand times as much as any coin in the country," declared the escort gallantly. "I can see that I shall have to purchase a street piano and develop my imagination."

"And he like him?"

The scorn in the girl's tones cut like a knife. For a moment Lugi fingered his never absent stiletto. Then he shrugged his shoulders and made his way to the street.

That afternoon he took Paulina for a walk, and they stopped at one of the cafes for an ice. Lugi caught up the little brown hand that lay on the table.

"I shall have to measure this for a wedding ring," he declared. "This week I made the last of what your father demands. We must be married soon."

"And I thought that perhaps you had fallen in love with some American girl," cried Paulina. "You have been so cold lately."

"American girls!" echoed Lugi. "Bah! They are as cold as ice, as hard as marble. I love an American girl—never!"

Lugi laughed loudly at the thought. The sting of disillusionment had done its work well. Once more Lugi loved Paulina as he had before he became a dreamer of dreams.

## Promising Pupil.

Some years ago a well known American pianist gave a concert at which he played a duet for two pianos with a pupil. The pupil, a young man of great talent, had come from a small town, and one of the well to do natives of the town went to the city for the sole purpose of attending the concert. On his return he was asked what he thought of the young man's musical achievements.

"He's doing as well as anybody could wish, and he'll do better yet," replied the prosperous townsman, with decision.

"He played a piece with his teacher that was twenty pages long. He gave the teacher the start by five minutes, and then he clipped in, and they came out at the end in and tuck. If you'll believe me, Well, sir, when I heard that I made up my mind we needn't worry another mile about how George would succeed."

"His teacher's considered the best piano player in this part of the country, and if George could do what he did at that concert it won't be many years before he'll beat him out and out, you can just rely on that."

"I'd be willing to bet, if I was a betting man, that in two years' time that teacher won't dare to undertake one of those two piano pieces with a George unless George gives him a good ten minutes' start of him."

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## The Substitutes

By Constance D'Arcy Mackay.

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To look at Miss Miranda Eldridge you would never dream that she was one of those who keep alight the hidden fire. She was small and thin and careworn, and her eyes, except when she smiled, were full of the tiredness that a dreary procession of days had put there.

The other boarders seated around the long narrow table of Mrs. Pennington's basement dining room filled in the pauses between soup and roast with friendly jocularities. In which Miss Eldridge took no part.

To be sure, she answered pleasantly enough if any one spoke to her, yet she always lapsed into silence immediately afterward and as soon as dinner was over sought the narrow confines of her little bedroom, up four flights of creaking, ill-lit stairs.

But as no way is really ever dark to those who have the inner vision, so to Miss Eldridge her skylight room was not the cheerless place it seemed. To others it might look sparse and cramped and lonely, but to her it was a sanctuary of dreams, where night after night she lived over again the one great event that had crowned her meager life.

Once in a past, now growing very dim and far, romance had touched her with a sweep of rosy plumes. That was twelve years before—twelve dreary, uneventful, work-worn years—and yet Miss Eldridge had never forgotten. She still held the vision as if it were yesterday.

It had begun commonplace enough. A wealthy aunt had chosen to remember Miss Eldridge's existence, and sent her a bit of postcard that bade her be present at an evening musicale. Tremblingly and expectantly, little Miss Eldridge had gone, and had found it like most musicales until the magical moment when a tall young man who looked like a Greek god in evening dress came up to her and wanted to know if he couldn't bring her an ice.

Then he had stood with her, chatting lightly and easily of this thing and that, so brilliant, so apart from all that made up her humdrum little round, that she had listened to him, rapt and spellbound, as if he were indeed the true bringer of the Promethean fire.

And from that time on she had never forgotten him. He was the ideal be-



"I THOUGHT OF YOU AND FELT SO DEEPERATELY LONELY."

side which all other men were compared and found wanting. And though she had never seen him again, and though he moved in worlds quite other than her own, the hope that she would one day meet him still made her heart leap, still filled her days with expectancy and her nights with dreams.

Though that one blissful invitation was all that her august aunt had chosen to send her, were there not other places where she might glimpse her hero—the park, the bridge path or Riverside? It gave an eager uplift to each moment without which her life would have been bare indeed.

She faded, but her hope never did. Perpetual adoration kept it vital and alive. Yet there were times when even her high spirit faltered, times when something in her reached out for a more actual companionship than that of visions, and it was on one of these days that she first met the professor. Really met him, that is, for he had sat opposite her at the table month in and month out with no deeper acquaintanceship than that which arises from politely passing the bread or intimating one's willingness to share the salt and pepper.

But now the professor had met her face to face in the lower hall one sultry September night when the rest of the boarders were clamorously scrambling for places of vantage on the stone steps.

Perhaps he read a fellow feeling in Miss Eldridge's eyes. Perhaps he guessed that there were moments when she, too, found Mrs. Pennington's unendurable. Be that as it might, on the spur of the moment he stopped her and asked if she wouldn't rather go for a stroll than "join that pandemonium out there," indicating the doorsteps and its occupants by a vague wave of the hand.

Miss Eldridge paused, hesitated and accepted. Not that by this was her

4234 removed from its niche. Far from it. For as time progressed the sympathetic understanding which sprang up between herself and the professor brought to light the fact that he, too, had had his ideal—a woman seen only once, but beautifully remembered and treasured in his middle aged heart as an unfading rose whose luster dimmed all other flowers.

"Any glimpse?" he would ask her whimsically as they walked side by side in the crisp November weather.

Undiscouraged, she would shake her head. "And you?"

"Not the slightest," he would answer. And so it went.

Then came the morning when a large, square envelope was laid by Miss Eldridge's plate. Her aunt, growing old and feeble, had not the less diminished her social activities. After a long absence in Europe she had returned to New York and requested the pleasure of Miss Eldridge's company at — Miss Eldridge put down the invitation, white to the lips, her heart bounding furiously. Pride urged her not to accept, but a feeling stronger than any self love swept over the barriers of pride and brought them low.

The old inextinguishable hope was there, vital and dominant as ever. On the great evening she arrayed herself with trembling fingers. The face her mirror showed was flushed and radiant. It was as if her lost youth had stepped back to crown her for a moment with the touch of all sweet, imperishable things.

The professor was going to a special meeting of the board of education and had promised to wait for her at the car when it was time for her to return. Ten minutes before she arrived he was at his post, pacing restlessly. Under the thin flare of the street lamps his face looked more fixed and haggard than usual. The glory, too, had faded from Miss Eldridge's eyes when she came. As she met him she looked quite worn. The professor guessed at the reason instantly.

"Wasn't he there?" he asked, a throb of consternation in his voice.

"Yes," she cried, with a little laugh that was half a sob—"yes," he was there. He came and talked to me, and instead of—oh, professor, how can I tell you? He isn't the least bit like an Apollo Belvedere! He's grown stout and a little bald, and—"

A second sob stuck in Miss Eldridge's throat. But she had worshiped unceasingly so long that now she was determined to have the truth at any cost. "And I thought his remarks were exceedingly vivid," she ended bravely. Then she glanced up at the professor and noted the change in him.

"Why, professor," she cried, "has anything happened? Has?"

"Yes," said the professor grimly, "a great deal has happened. Tonight at the board meeting I saw her!"

Miss Eldridge's question came in a startled whisper. "And is she—still the same?"

"Yes, she is still the same. She has preserved her youth, and you know how preserved youth looks. I'd rather have an honest wrinkle than all that!" He stopped and then went on more calmly: "All my life I have been idealizing a pretty doll, endowing her with graces of the heart and soul that she never for an instant had, while here beside me—Oh, I've been blind as a bat, Miranda, blind as a bat, but I'm going to make up for it if you'll let me, if you'll listen to a poor middle-aged suitor after your dreams of Apollo Belvedere!"

The glow had come back again to little Miss Eldridge's face. Her eyes were twin stars.

"Let you?" she whispered. "Oh, tonight, after my eyes were opened, I thought of you, and I felt so desperately lonely, for I knew you had some one else, while I—"

"The school board," said the professor irrelevantly, "have raised my salary. They've offered to make me principal of an outlying school where all the teachers own their homes—beautiful homes, with lawns and vine covered porches."

The professor straightened as he spoke and looked positively young.

And an hour later Miss Eldridge opened the tiny window of her skylight bedroom and tossed out across the roofs a faded bunch of violets that she had worn on a memorable night twelve years before and cherished ever since. Then she turned about with a happy sigh, for the dream was ended, and in its place had come the substance of reality.

### Foiling the Book Lender.

"The public library serves me in an important respect," said the man with the aggressive wit, "even though I don't take a book out once a year. I can say I'll take a book out, and that serves my purpose. If the public library wasn't here I couldn't do that."

"I'm always being pestered by fool friends, who say: 'Have you read this or that? Oh, you haven't! Well, I'll lend it to you.' Then if I accept the loan the chances are that I never want to read the book anyhow and haven't the time if I did. Then I forget to return it and make a lifelong enemy of the lender. Some day there'll be a painless method of exterminating the book lender. In the meantime I dodge him by means of the public library. I say, 'Much obliged, but I've got my application in for that very book at the library.' Then that lets me out. That's about the only way I ever use the library."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### Double.

"Apparently you don't admire Miss Kreech."

"No; I don't like her airs."

"What airs?"

"Those she sings and those she wears."—Philadelphia Press.

## The Three Professors.

[Copyright, 1908, by T. C. McClure.]

It used to take a good deal to surprise a town in the far west such as Cheyenne or Deadwood. One of these towns was surprised at the arrival of Professor Henry Thorn, botanist, Yale college, and ten days later by the coming of another professor, who registered himself at the same hotel as "Professor Charles Witbeck, Criminologist, Harvard College." For an hour or two his name on the register excited some little comment. That was because those who read it didn't know whether his profession related to claim jumping or railroad engineering. The landlady finally explained that a criminologist was a fellow who had had to jump out of Texas for shooting a man and had arrived in Dakota to open a fire game and make a new start in life. That satisfied public curiosity and accounted for the professor strolling around the town day and night. He also took in all the fine points and particulars.

The two professors under one roof fought shy of each other for a couple of days. Professors have their jealousies as well as dime museum freaks, though greater efforts are made to conceal them. At length, however, they introduced themselves and shook hands and began to respect each other. Some professors of botany can't be led to admit that there is anything interesting in anything but their own special hobby. So with professors of criminology. These two professors were different, however. They deferred to each other. They made admissions. They permitted each other to talk without interruption.

The botanist held up a half withered violet that he had culled on the prairie and delivered an interesting lecture on its roots and stem and petals, and the criminologist described the head and face of the criminal with such clearness that had there been an audience present none could have failed to secure a mental photograph. The plants he made were, first, a standing forebode; second, a head that ran down hill on the back side; third, the narrow space between the eyes; fourth, a bulging over the eyebrows, and, fifth, a cruel expression about the mouth. In addition to particularizing these points, he was good enough to say that Professor Thorn didn't betray a single one of the characteristics. On the contrary, an infant had only to take one look at him to know that he was as gentle and innocent as a woman.

Professor Thorn couldn't do less than return the compliment. He returned it by saying that all flowers represented human characters. For instance, the Canadian thistle represented a chuckle-headed man, the hardhack a weak-minded person, the hollyhock a con-elated ass, and so on. What typified the character of Professor Witbeck was the lily. That stood for purity of soul and thought. A man that represented the lily was always subscribing to orphan asylums and buying up old horses to turn out to pasture for the rest of their lives. Just what the professors said of each other when alone is a private matter. The first occasion they had to distrust each other was when they met at night in the vicinity of a clothing store. One of them had been examining the fastenings of a rear window and the other the fastening of a door. Professor Witbeck observed that he thought the study of botany required daylight, and Professor Thorn replied that he failed to see how the study of criminology could be pursued without the aid of a lantern. There was a second meeting on a second night, and from thence on the relations between the two great institutions of learning seemed to be strained.

It was not to last long, however. One night after the botanist had spent a whole hour to effect an entrance to a store by way of a skylight and photographer's parlors it was to come upon the criminologist, who had not in by a door and was just preparing to bore the safe. By the aid of two dark lanterns and the English language some very sarcastic remarks were passed as to hypocrisy and false pretenses, and then they sensibly agreed to divide the labor and the booty. They were working with this aim and object in view when a third party crept out from his hiding place and interfered. He began by handling his gun in a reckless manner and introducing himself as Professor Twister of Columbia college. He had been dispatched to the great plains of the west to gather specimens of the bygone days when alligators thirty feet long and elephants twenty-four feet high used to paddle up and down the river and gambol over the meadows green. He had finally found a couple of choice specimens, and he bade them come with him. They didn't want to, but they had to. It was a late hour, but the enterprising and patriotic citizens were ready to turn out and build a bonfire and throw ropes over the limbs of trees. There wasn't much to be said. There was no particular novelty in it for the crowd, and the two men standing on the heads of barrels seemed to figure that they had better save their wind for the uphill journey. No one remembered much about it next day, but now and then to this day some stranger reads the double epitaph on the headboard and is a bit curious.

"Sacred to the memory of the two professors who tried to play it low down on another professor and this town. Don't no gals steal this 'ere board." M. QUAD.

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I will attend to the business of my office as Trustee of Jackson township on Friday of each week, at my residence.

G. A. Wilson,  
Trustee Jackson Township

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I will be found at my residence on Friday of each week, to attend to the business connected with the office of Trustee of Jefferson township, Putnam County, Indiana.

OTHO VERMILION,  
Trustee Jefferson Township.

### TOWNSHIP TRUSTEE'S NOTICE.

I will be at my office at my residence in Marion township, for the transaction of office business, on Friday of each week, and on Tuesday at Fillmore.

J. B. BUNTEN,  
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I will be in my office to transact business at my home on Tuesday and Friday of each week.

J. O. SIGLER,  
Trustee Clinton Township.

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I will attend to township business at home on Tuesday and Friday of each week.

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Trustee Madison Township.

### TOWNSHIP TRUSTEE'S NOTICE.

I will attend to the business of my office as trustee of Washington township on Wednesday of each week, at my residence, and at Reelsville on 1st, 3d and 5th Saturdays of each month.

J. D. RADER,  
Trustee Washington Township.

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 kets, consult Agent

"BIG FOUR ROUTE"  
 G. P. O. 62—H & S D

**T.H.I. & E. Tra. Co**  
 Round Trip Rates  
**Sunday, August 16**

**Indianapolis 75c**  
**Terre Haute 75c**

Tickets good on all trains going  
 and returning Sunday.  
 For further information call on  
 local agent. Phone 323.

**Big Four Route**  
**EXCURSIONS**  
**Sunday, Aug. 16, 1908**  
**FARE 75c to**  
**INDIANAPOLIS**  
 Train Leaves 9 a. m.

Sun. Exc. 2—H—Tu Thu Sat

**Niagara Falls**  
**Excursion**  
**Over Pennsylvania Lines**

Very low fare Tuesday August 18  
 Get details from agent J. S. Dowling

"Home Visitors" Excursion  
 AT VERY LOW RATES

—TO—  
**OHIO, INDIANA and KENTUCKY**  
**TUESDAY, SEPT. 1st, 1908.**

**Big Four Route**

—FROM GREENCASTLE—  
 Indianapolis and return, . . . \$4.00  
 Cincinnati and return, . . . \$4.00  
 Louisville and return, . . . \$4.00  
 Dayton and return, . . . \$4.00  
 Springfield and return, . . . \$4.00  
 Sandusky and return, . . . \$4.50  
 Columbus, O., and return, . . . \$4.50  
 Corresponding rates to interme-  
 diate points.

Tickets good going on regular  
 trains.

Return limit, Sept. 30th, 1908.

For tickets and full information,  
 call on agents Big Four Route.  
 H. J. RHEIN, G. P. A., Cincinnati, O.  
 G. P. O. 58—H & S D—Tu Fri

For Sore Feet,

"I have found Bucklen's Arnica  
 Salve to be the proper thing to use  
 for sore feet, as well as for healing  
 burns, sores, cuts, and all manner  
 of abrasions," writes Mr. W. Stone,  
 of East Poland, Maine. It is the  
 proper thing too for piles. Try it!  
 Sold under guarantee at The Owl  
 Drug Store, 25c.

She wished to break it to him gently  
 "I have decided," she said, "to return  
 your ring."  
 He, however, was a resourceful man,  
 who did not believe in letting a woman  
 get the better of him.  
 "You needn't bother," he replied, "I  
 buy them by the dozen."

ADVERTISE IN THE HERALD

## LOCAL AND PERSONAL HAPPENINGS

What Greencastle People and Their Friends Are Doing

Jack Bryson was here from Brazil  
 today.

David Davis went to Bainbridge  
 this morning.

D. B. Hostetter is down from  
 Roachdale today on business.

Dave Hostetter was here from his  
 north Putnam county home today.

Mrs. Fred Goodwine gave a slum-  
 ber party last night for a number of  
 friends.

Wallace Welch will assist at the  
 Palace Restaurant until the begin-  
 ning of school.

Mr. and Mrs. John Cannon arrived  
 home this afternoon from a week's  
 stay at French Lick.

Miss Mabel Bruzfield returned  
 Tuesday from a week's visit in Po-  
 land and Greencastle.—Ladoga  
 Leader.

It is announced that Mr. H. L.  
 Maxwell will conduct the singing at  
 the open air meeting at the court  
 house Sunday night.

Guy Kinsley, who graduated from  
 DePauw last spring, and who is well  
 known here, has accepted a position  
 on the Indianapolis News.

Mrs. J. I. McLeay and Mrs. Lowry  
 who have been the guests of Mrs.  
 J. M. King and Miss Hannah Lee  
 Chapin have returned to their homes  
 in Indianapolis.

Mr. and Mrs. Simeon Wright of  
 Muncie are the guests of their son,  
 Emory Wright and family, near Fill-  
 more. Mr. Wright formerly lived in  
 this county. He moved to Muncie  
 in 1895.

Prof. W. E. Smyser of Ohio Wes-  
 leyan, formerly a member of the De-  
 Pauw faculty, will spend Sunday in  
 Greencastle, the guest of Prof. N.  
 Waring Barnes, of the University.

The L. T. L. met last evening at  
 the home of Nell Mathes. Rev. Van  
 Dyke of the Presbyterian church  
 gave an address, on "What Girls can  
 do in the cause of Temperance."  
 After a short discussion delightful  
 refreshments were served by the hos-  
 tesses.

Miss Fern Glover, a niece of Mrs.  
 A. E. Harris, who has been here a  
 guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A.  
 E. Harris for two weeks, will return  
 to her home in Hillsboro this after-  
 noon. Mrs. Harris and her two  
 youngest children, will accompany  
 Miss Glover to Hillsboro and will  
 visit her for several days.

**Coal**  
**Coal**  
**Coal**

NOW IS THE  
 TIME TO BUY

For the best qualities  
 and lowest prices see

**Charley**  
**Cawley**  
 PHONE 163

Harry Collins will spend Sunday  
 in Roachdale.

Miss Anna Cannon has returned  
 from a visit in Anderson.

Frank Cannon visited his daughter  
 at St. Mary's in-the-Woods today.

Prof. Kleinsmid was a passenger  
 east on the Vandalla last evening.

Miss Mary Alice Kemper of Cin-  
 cinnati is the guest of Miss Hannah  
 Lee Chapin.

Miss Katherine Crawford of Craw-  
 fordsville is here the guest of Miss  
 Margaret McDonald.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Abrams and chil-  
 dren returned this afternoon from  
 their vacation trip to the Lakes.

J. O. Cammack and family return-  
 ed from a trip through the Alleghany  
 mountains. They state a very deligh-  
 tful time.

Prof. James Hodge of the West is  
 here the guest of his parents, Mr.  
 and Mrs. William Hodge, near Put-  
 namville.

F. C. Tilden was called to Rock-  
 ville today, by the illness of his little  
 son, Allen, who is there visiting his  
 aunt, Mrs. A. B. Lockridge.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wallace of  
 St. Louis will arrive this evening for  
 a weeks visit with Mrs. Wallace's  
 parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Allen.

Miss Dorothy Williams, Miss Kath-  
 erine Crawford and Miss Emma Hig-  
 gert and Frank Cannon, James Can-  
 non and Ernest Wright will go to  
 St. Mary's in-the-Woods tomorrow to  
 spend the day.

There will be a meeting of the W.  
 C. T. U. in the assembly room of  
 the court house Tuesday afternoon at  
 2:30 o'clock. The meeting will be a  
 J. D. DeMotte memorial and will be  
 in charge of the turty department  
 of the W. C. T. U.

Mrs. John Grimes and daughter,  
 Margaret, of Greencastle, Misses Eva  
 Gilmore and Julia Cromwell, of  
 Ellingham, Ill., and M. A. Rapp and  
 wife spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs.  
 C. H. Miller. Miss Gilmore and Miss  
 Cromwell remained for a week's visit  
 —Ladoga Leader.

Frightened by a child's wagon that  
 was going at full speed down the  
 inclined sidewalk a horse belonging  
 to Joe Eads, of Roachdale broke  
 loose from the hitch rack on north  
 Washington street Monday afternoon  
 and ran away. The shafts and the  
 harness were broken but no further  
 damage was done. The horse stopped  
 after running two squares.—Ladoga  
 Leader.

O. H. Downey, editor and owner of  
 the Noblesville Times, the Democra-  
 tic organ of Hamilton county, has  
 closed a deal by which he trades the  
 Times property for the Crawfords-  
 ville Daily Review. He will go to  
 Crawfordsville at once to take  
 charge of the paper and his family  
 will join him in a short time. It is  
 his intention to continue the Daily  
 and Weekly Review. The paper will  
 remain, as it has been of the Demo-  
 cratic party of Montgomery county.

In the trade R. P. Carpenter, pro-  
 prietor of the Review, becomes the  
 owner of the Times. In has been  
 living at Greencastle but expects to  
 move his family to Noblesville and  
 conduct the Times. In Mr. Downey  
 the Democrats of Crawfordsville and  
 Montgomery county will find a loyal  
 friend and a Democrat of the uncon-  
 promising experience to make the  
 Review a first class newspaper.—  
 Noblesville Ledger.

## ICE CREAM

(Packed)

25 Cents a Quart  
 Delivered to any  
 part of town, any  
 time, any day.

**BADGER @ GREEN**

West Side Square

Blanche Osborne of Reelsville was  
 visiting friends here today.

Mrs. Will Quinn, of Brazil, is visit-  
 ing her cousin, Mrs. J. E. Sharp.

Dr. C. O. O'Brien of Fillmore left  
 today for French Lick for several  
 days.

Ed Perry and Dr. Lawton return-  
 ed home today from a trip to Nia-  
 gara Falls.

L. M. Brown was in Terre Haute  
 on business today. Mr. Brown is  
 connected with the Big Four En-  
 gineering office here.

Mrs. J. H. Hart and daughters, of  
 Winchester, Ill., and Mrs. William  
 Cooper and son of this city, are  
 visiting Mrs. G. W. Brown and  
 family of Clay City.

There will be a call meeting of  
 the Monday club at the home of Mrs.  
 W. H. Vandever on the afternoon of  
 Monday August 17. All members are  
 urged to be present.

Quaint Old Colonial Document.  
 New Amsterdam had been in British  
 hands four years when this quaint and  
 curious customs order, the oldest in ex-  
 istence, was penned.

"Instructions for Mr. Cornelius Van  
 Ruyven, Collector of the Customs in  
 the City of New York by Order of Col-  
 onel Francis Lovelace, Governor, May  
 24, 1688.

"You or y'r clerk are to be dayly at  
 ye Custome House from nine in ye  
 morning until twelve at noone. There  
 to receive ye Customs both in and out,  
 as the Merchants shall come & enter,  
 and signe them with his hand, writing his  
 name to them, & ye same time, when  
 you have signed ye Warrant, or one of  
 ye Bills, you are to demand ye Cust-  
 ome, either in kinde at 10 P Cent in-  
 wards or double ye value of its first  
 Cost in Holland, in Beaver, And like-  
 wise outwards for Peltry you are to  
 receive 10% P Cent according to ye  
 value in Beaver, for Tobacco one half  
 penny Pr pound Sterg; which is no  
 more than all Englishmen doe pay.  
 \*\*\* You to tell ye Merchant you are  
 not to give credit. \*\*\* If they doe  
 not like your propositions, you are not  
 to pass their Bills. \*\*\*  
 "And Lastly pray lett ye Books be  
 kept all in English and all Factoryes  
 and Papers, that when I have occasion  
 to satisfy myself I may better under-  
 stand them."

Yet Both Laughed.  
 Ted—Why is that man laughing?  
 Ned—Because he bought a horse cheap.  
 "And what's the other chuckling  
 over?"  
 "He sold the horse."

No people are more hospitable, in the  
 formal sense of the word, than the  
 Americans. When a foreigner taps at  
 our door and presents a letter of intro-  
 duction our first impulse is to resent  
 the annoyance; not so in America,  
 where hospitality is an active force.—  
 M. A. Tardieu in Paris Temps

"Ah," exclaimed the good old soul,  
 observing how cheerfully the laborer  
 whistled as he toiled, "you're contented  
 at least! I'm glad to see your work is  
 not beneath you."

"Quit yer kiddin', lady," replied the  
 laborer. "I'm diggin' a trench."—Phila-  
 delphia Press

"If" and "but" are tiny words, but  
 they can change the color of the sky  
 and make the world seem a wilder-  
 ness.

## To Continue

Having purchased the "Judge" Felter stock of  
**Cigars and Tobacco**

I will continue to conduct the business in the  
 same stand and along the same lines. The best  
 brands of cigars and tobacco will be in stock. I  
 invite your patronage.

**H. HOFFMANN,** 5 North Indiana Street  
 19 South Indiana Street

## SUNDAY SERVICE CALENDAR

Events in Greencastle's Places of  
 Worship Tomorrow Are Given Be-  
 low—The Different Pastors and  
 the Subjects of Their Sermons.

College Avenue Church  
 Dr. J. S. Hoagland, pastor.

The Sunday services of the College  
 Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church  
 will be conducted by the pastor, Dr.  
 J. S. Hoagland. At 10:30 a. m. he  
 will administer the Sacrament of the  
 Lord's Supper, assisted by other  
 ministers.

The love feast will follow the  
 morning service and will be conduct-  
 ed by Rev. A. H. Smith.

Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. Ep-  
 worth League at 6:30 p. m. All are  
 cordially invited to these services.

At 7:30 p. m. the congregation  
 is invited to unite in the Union ser-  
 vices.

"FRIVOLITY TOWARDS THE  
 CHRISTIAN PROGRAM."

The above is the subject of the  
 sermon at the open air meeting at  
 the court house Sunday night at  
 7:30 o'clock in case of the weather  
 is favorable. The sermon will be  
 preached by Dr. J. S. Hoagland.  
 Prof. Harry Maxwell will direct the  
 singing assisted by singers from the  
 various churches.

Locust Street Church  
 J. F. O'Haver, pastor.

The pastor will preach in the morn-  
 ing. The theme is, "The Great Sal-  
 vation." The Rev. D. R. Landes will  
 preach in the evening. This is one of  
 the two union meetings which are  
 being held under the auspices of  
 the ministerial association. The old  
 hymns will be sung at both of these  
 services. The other services are as  
 follows:

Class Meeting . . . . . 9:00  
 Sunday School . . . . . 10:00  
 Preaching . . . . . 11:00  
 Intermediate League . . . . . 5:30  
 Senior League . . . . . 6:30  
 Preaching . . . . . 7:30

A cordial invitation is extended to  
 the public.

Presbyterian Church  
 Rev. D. Van Dyke, pastor.

10:30 a. m. theme, "Dwelling with  
 God." 7:30 p. m. union services.  
 Sabbath School at 2 p. m. Mr. Wm.  
 Peck, Supt. Bible School lecture,  
 by Dr. Van Dyke. See numbers 7th  
 chapter. Prayer meeting Thursday  
 at 7:30 p. m. Topic the inspiration  
 of hope. Choir meeting Saturday at  
 4:30 p. m. The public cordially in-  
 vited.

Christian Church  
 Rev. J. M. Rudy, Pastor.

Bible School at 9:30 a. m. Com-  
 munion at 10:30 a. m. Preaching at  
 10:45. Subject: "The Greatest Work  
 in the World." Union Meeting no-  
 tice in this paper.

Bethel A. M. E. Church  
 H. C. Moorman, pastor.

Preaching 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p.  
 m. by the pastor. Morning subject:  
 "The Divine Spirit in Man." Theme  
 of evening: "The Gate of Heaven."  
 11:30 a. m. class meeting. Sunday  
 school 2 p. m. Mark McGruder, Supt.  
 Special music at the evening ser-  
 vice. All are cordially invited to at-  
 tend.

Hanna St. M. E. Church  
 Wm. Miles, Pastor.

There will be services at the Hanna  
 street M. E. Church as follows:  
 Preaching 11 a. m. 2:30 p. m. All  
 are invited. We want to send Pastor  
 to Dist. Conference, which comes off  
 at Shelbyville, August 1908.

First Baptist Church

Preaching at 10:45. Bible School at  
 9:30. Prayer meeting Thursday  
 evening and Teacher's meeting Fri-  
 day evening. Subject of sermon "A  
 Gilded Detriment."

She Likes Good Things.

Mrs. Chas. E. Smith, of West  
 Franklin, Maine says: "I like good  
 things and have adopted Dr. King's  
 New Life Pills as our family laxa-  
 tive medicine, because they are good  
 and do their work without making a  
 fuss about it." These painless pur-  
 gatives sold at The Owl Drug Store  
 25c.

Imagine the American people burn-  
 ing for world power, their tremendous  
 appetite for work that now expends it-  
 self on business transformed into an  
 insatiable earth hunger. The stars and  
 stripes would become a Jolly Roger  
 among the world's flags. America let  
 loose would be appalling.—Sydney Mail.

"I'll trouble you for another dose,  
 please," said an experienced boarder,  
 passing his teacup.

"But this is your fourth!" remon-  
 strated his landlady.

"I know," was the reply. "My doc-  
 tor has advised me to drink plenty of  
 warm water!"

## THE PLANET JUPITER

A Monster World, 1,300 Times  
 the Size of Ours.

WHIRLS WITH AWFUL SPEED.

It Spins Around at Such a Fearful  
 Gait That a Furious Gale Perpetual-  
 ly Encircles Its Equator—Its Possi-  
 ble Inhabitants and Its Moons.

It is curious how little the average  
 person knows about Jupiter. He has  
 heard a lot, too much perhaps, about  
 Mars, but that world, 1,300 times the  
 size of ours, whirling in the terrible  
 outer distance of space with its five  
 moons, its 144 months yearly, known  
 as Jupiter is almost if not quite a mys-  
 tery.

In the first place, Jupiter, according  
 to some astronomers, is inhabited.  
 So are some of its moons, in the  
 midst of which the great planet spins  
 around like a top at such tremendous  
 speed that it causes around the equator  
 a furious wind that blows perpetually  
 at a rate of about 250 miles an hour.

In the midst of this never ending,  
 howling gale live the Jovians. Some  
 astronomers say that because Jupiter  
 is so much bigger and heavier than  
 the earth no creature of any weight  
 can support itself. A man weighing  
 200 pounds on this earth would, if car-  
 ried to Jupiter, weigh 500 pounds, and,  
 reasoning thus, they believe that noth-  
 ing bigger than a cat could stand on  
 this vast world.

But this is no doubt a mistake. If  
 Jupiter stood still or revolved no faster  
 than our earth all that astronomy says  
 would be true, and a terrestrial man  
 could not stand upon its surface. But  
 as a fact the tremendous rate of revo-  
 lution is so much faster than the  
 earth's that in spite of its monstrous  
 size it turns about in less than ten  
 hours as against our twenty-four  
 hours.

As it is, a man of normal earthly  
 size, if transported to the equator of  
 Jupiter, would actually feel much  
 lighter than he does here on earth, be-  
 cause the swift rotation of the planet  
 would almost lift him from his feet  
 and throw him into the heavens. He  
 would feel so light that the 250 mile  
 an hour tornado that blows incessant-  
 ly would pick him up and carry him  
 around and around the planet like a  
 speck of dust.

In order to keep on his feet the  
 Jovian man or woman would have to  
 be about fifty feet tall. Some of them  
 would doubtless reach the height of  
 fifty-five feet. Like all big bodies, the  
 Jovian would have a tendency to slow-  
 ness of motion. Having once seated  
 himself, he would spend a good twelve  
 hours at his breakfast and perhaps  
 eighteen at his dinner and would prob-  
 ably throw up his job if his employer  
 allowed him less than six hours for  
 his lunch.

The oceans of Jupiter, torn into fury  
 by the hurricanes, would pay no atten-  
 tion to a moon such as moves the  
 tides on our earth, and it takes no  
 fewer than five of these satellites to  
 perform this work for Jupiter. They  
 travel at various rates of speed, some  
 flying very close to Jupiter's surface  
 and others far off. They have atmos-  
 pheres somewhat like ours on earth,  
 and a moonlight on Jupiter is indeed a  
 glorious sight, for these moons have a  
 variety of colors. Two are blue, one  
 is yellow and one red.

Jupiter needs all its moons at night  
 for illumination, for without them its  
 five hours of darkness would be black  
 indeed. So distant is the sun that  
 broad daylight is hardly brighter than  
 twilight on earth, and one lone moon  
 would not reflect enough of the sun's  
 rays to guide the Jovian footsteps.

In the polar and semipolar areas the  
 250 mile an hour tornado of the equa-  
 tor is not present. Doubtless there are  
 eddies and occasional windstorms such  
 as there are on earth. And in these  
 localities it is possible for smaller  
 creatures to exist, and here, too, vege-  
 tation would flourish. The food sup-  
 ply of Jupiter must come from these  
 areas, where it is cultivated and ship-  
 ped to the equatorial regions by the  
 diminutive races. The polar oceans  
 are not frozen because of the great  
 internal heat of Jupiter. And on these  
 still oceans probably ships not greatly  
 different from ours ply, but about the  
 equator the unending storm would  
 make surface sailing impossible.

If there are ships at all at the equa-  
 tor they are submarines, which dive  
 into the calm depths beneath the sur-  
 face. Locomotion by flying machines  
 is extremely easy on the equator be-  
 cause, by taking advantage of the  
 wind, the Jovians can navigate their  
 planet at tremendous speed.

It is possible that because of the  
 noise in the wind swept equator the  
 Jovian is deaf.

Quite likely, on the other hand, he  
 has good ears, but with a device, either  
 artificial or contributed by nature, for  
 stopping his ears, except when he  
 wishes to listen.

This tremendous, good natured Jov-  
 ian has a leather-like skin to protect  
 himself from the scratches of flying  
 things and a device for sifting the air  
 that he breathes, for Jovian atmos-  
 phere is full of dust, and in spite of  
 the difficulties of his existence he is a  
 long lived gentleman. On the average  
 he exists for about 800 of our years.  
 Probably many a Jovian exists a full  
 thousand of our little years.—Detroit  
 News-Tribune.

None of us may know when the echo  
 of a careless word will cease vibrating  
 in the hearts of some that hear.

## FIRST CAR

**Indiana**  
**Melons**

Every Melon Sweet  
 and Good.

We Keep Them on  
 Ice.

**MONARCH**